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THE

PLEASURES OF LOVE,

BY

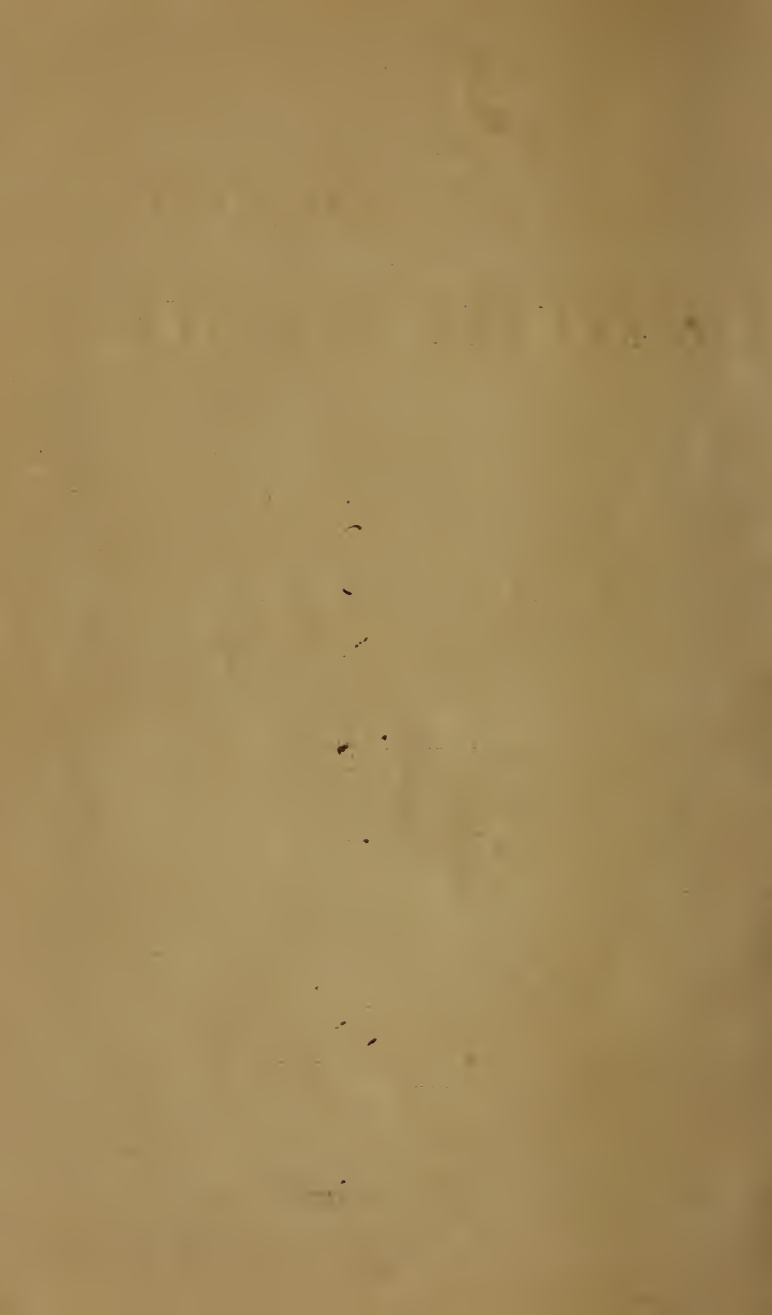
LEVI B. SWALM.

"LOVE CONQUERS ALL."

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER.

1850



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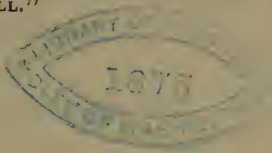
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*Deposited in the Clerk's Office
Southern District of
New York Oct. 5. 1850.*

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LEVI B. SWALM,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern Dis-
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P R E F A C E ,

THOUGH many of mature talent have written on the subjects of Love, Courtship and Marriage, yet there is room for addition. To this hallowed fund of literature I fondly add this little treasure of the heart, which will be gratefully received and cherished by the youth—the gay, beautiful, lovely and loving. It consists of poems select and original. Labor on the fascinating subject Love is not vain; therefore, I hope this right-hand companion will be prosperous.

September 25th, 1850.

THE
PLEASURES OF LOVE.

STANZAS TO ONE I'LL MARRY.

I love thee! O, I love thee!

As the perfume loves the flowers;
As the vine-tree loves to twine itself
Around love's summer bowers.

I love thee! as the smiling skies
Love to shed their holiest beams,
And as the winter stars at night
Emit their splendid gleams.

I love thee! O, I love thee!

As the goldfish love their brooks;
As the waters love to murmur on,
And curve in sunny nooks;
As the streamlets love to hurry on
Unto their ocean mother!
And as the birds in young spring-time
Love—worship one the other.

I love thee ! as the roses love
 The stem on which they bloom ;
 As the feather'd songsters of the grove
 Their warm and native plume !
 I love thee as the eagle loves
 His eyry near the sky,
 And, as his gaze upon the sun,
 I fix my 'raptured eye.

I love thee ! O, I love thee !
 As the wild woods love the trees ;
 As drooping flowers and thirsty earth
 Refreshing rains and breeze.
 I love thee ! as the rose-bud loves
 The morn, the gentle dew—
 And as it ope's its petals fair,
 So ope's my heart to you.

T O F * * * .

I love thee ! and I know not why
 These tears for thee are shed :
 To claim thee ? Nay, I would not try,
 My blessed, blessed Fred.

For when my heart is peaceful, dear,
 'Tis when I think of thee ;
 And when I feel thy presence near
 I could not happier be.

I could not have thee all mine own—
 (My charms to bind have fled;)
And thou wouldst be the world alone,
 My blessed, blessed Fred.

And I am independent, Fred,
 E'en of thy sunniest smile ;
For I, by love and fancy fed,
 Am near thee all the while.

I ask not if ye think of me,
 Others may claim your care—
I dream of, think of, worship thee,
 Thou spirit of my prayer.

I wear thee in my *heart of hearts* ;
 I feel thy lips' caress ;
My love has not the barbed darts
 Of passion's wild excess.

'Tis deep and calm—'tis soul, 'tis mind,
 That by thy power is led ;
With heaven and earth and light combined
 I love thee, dearest Fred.

TO MOLL.

At morn, before the stars retire,
 I fondly think of thee, sweet dear ;
My mind and heart, combined, admire
 Thy beauty, virtues, to the tear.

Of images so fair as thine
My optic mind is ne'er devoid :
The brightest gem dug from the mine,
Compared with thee is more alloy'd.

The azure vault no orb reveals
So fair as thou my heart brings near,
To guide it through the misty weal
Of changing time, to a better sphere.

O, could I hope thy love to gain,
How would my heart abound with joy !
No effort idle would remain
Until I all thy heart enjoy.

LOVE'S WANDERINGS.

When Love was but a tiny boy,
And nestled in my breast,
The very air was rife with joy—
The world to me was blest.

Each pathway teemed with life and light,
Beauty was where I strayed ;
A holy charm stole o'er the night,
With moon and stars arrayed.

I bounded o'er the sunny hills,
Trip'd gaily through the valley ;

Counted the ripples of the rills—
Would with all nature dally.

Joy filled earth's caverns with her song,
Hope's music too was there;
And Love would every strain prolong
O'er earth, and sea, and air.

Love-light was resting on each cloud—
Its tints made all things fair;
Though many summers wore their shroud,
Summer was everywhere.

* * * * *

But, one day in a silly mood,
I quarreled with the lad;
No more his wing my heart would brood,
And it grew cold and sad.

I sought the bright things wont to charm,
With pride in fond Love's place:
But storm, and contest, and alarm,
Distorted nature's face.

And winter came, and summer fled,
Rose-trees display'd their thorns;
And hope was sad, and joy nigh dead—
The heart's night had few dawns.

And then I wandered o'er life's sea,
With clouds and storms above;
Some kindly faces beamed on me—
But I avoided Love.

And year by year I shunned his way,
Deeming him a sad thief;
For he had stol'n life's charm away,
And would not bring relief.

And when at last I thought him lost,
And life was dark and lone,
Then came to me a proud, stern man—
One who had sorrow known.

Gently I gazed in that wild eye,
Parted that soft dark hair;
His heart gave up a lengthened sigh—
Mine answered with a prayer.

A prayer for Love! and nature smil'd
Upon our chastened life;
And joy was welling deep, though mild,
When I became his Wife.

And then I wove about our dome
The evergreen of love;
Raised on the altar of our home
The Olive-branch and Dove.

WEALTH IS NOT HAPPINESS.

O, do not ask again, dearest,
The wealth which dollars make !
Nor let an earnest sigh escape
Thy broad breast for its sake.

Ah, never let a painful thought
Flit o'er that manly brow
For all the gold of *Cræsus* !
Though strown before thee now.

For what is money to the mind
And soul surcharged with care ?
And what the trappings it can bring,
If discontent be there ?

You say it is for me, your own,
Who loves you ! that you crave
Wealth, but for our own happiness
The darkest lot you'd brave.

Provide for me a roof, a board,
With wooden dish and spoon ;
A couch of rushes, roughly wrought,
And one rush-lighted room.

Cover me with a common garb—
Bring me the coarsest fare ;
More I'll not crave, if thou art strong,
If thou thyself art there.

Happy and joyous, fond and free,
Firm in thy self-control—
We'd have our " feasts of reason," love ;
" Our flowings of the soul."

We would possess our tenderness—
Our gem of wedded love ;
Our bond of friendship writ, and sealed
By God's own hand above.

We would possess mind's store-houses—
Nature can furnish books ;—
Lessons are in her rocks and trees—
Tongues in her babbling brooks.

Home, light and joy, and love are ours,
And beauty every where ;
Toil waits on wealth—we could not ask
A lifetime free from care.

Then sigh for *wealth*, labor for wealth
That doth enrich the mind ;
And I will share thy efforts 'till
The *magic* stone we find.

THE WIDOW.

A widow is a dangerous thing,
With soft, black, shining curls,
And looketh more bewitching
Than a host of romping girls ;
Her laugh is so delicious—
So knowing, clear, beside ;
You'd never dream her thinking
Soon to become a bride.

Her dress, though made of sables,
Gives roundness to her form ;
A touch of something thoughtful—
A witching, winning, charm.
And when she sits down by you,
With quiet, easy grace—
A tear may fall unbidden,
Or a smile light up her face.

Her voice is soft, melodious,
And lute-like is its tone ;
She sometimes sighs : “ 'Tis dreadful
To pass through life alone ! ”
And then she'll tell you you remind her
Of the loved one dead and gone--
Your steps, your form, your features ;
Thus the widow will run on.

Oh ! listen—yet be careful,
For well she plays her part—
Her lips distill the nectar
That doth ensnare the heart.
Be guarded, or she will win you
With smiles, and sighs, and tears ;
I' faith, she'll wear the breeches, too,
And box your silly ears.

DO YOU LOVE ME ?

Do I love thee ! Ask me if I love
The earth I tread upon, the air I breath,
The bright blue sky, and all that's fair beneath
The pale, sweet moon, whose silvery beams disclose
The enchanting picture of a world's repose.

I love them all ; but yet
Their beauties were as naught—their powers were vain,
Thou absent from the scene 'twould cold remain.
Thy presence were to nature, in mine eye,
As sun to worlds—as stars to midnight sky.

Do I love thee ! Oh, tell me what
Is that but love where soul to soul doth yearn !
Strive as we may to banish thought, our fancies still
return,
And fondly cling around one sacred spot—
Pure, bright and beautiful—where sin abideth not.

If this is love—I love,
Most freely do I love, and with devotion strong :
The tenderest words were weak, and would but wrong
The feelings, passions, thoughts, which in my breast
Doth dwell for thee, and make me truly blest.

SOFT, SWEET, AND FAIR.

Bright is the star that ope's the day,
Bright the mid-noon's refulgent ray,
Bright on yon hill the shadowy beam,
Bright the blue mirror of the stream,
Bright the gay, twinkling fires above—
Brighter the eyes of her I love.

Soft the rich meadow's velvet green,
Where cowslips' tufts are early seen—
Soft the young cygnet's snowy breast,
Or down that lines the linnet's nest,
Soft the smooth plumage of the dove—
Softer the heart of her I love.

Sweet the woodbine's fragrant twine,
Sweet the ripe burden of the vine,
The pea-bloom sweet that scents the air,
The rose-bud sweet beyond compare,
Sweet the perfume of yonder grove—
Sweeter the lips of her I love.

To match her grace with idle pain
Through nature's stores I've search'd in vain.
All that's bright, soft and sweet,
Do in her form concenter meet.

MY BELOVED.

There is in the sound of a lover's voice
A sweet-toned symphony ;
In a youthful lover's playful noise,
In her blue and sparkling eye.

A tender music, rich and rare,
As the swan's dying song ;
As cherub's note, or angel's tear
Shed midst the heavenly throng.

My lover was a lovely girl—
Born for my ardent heart ;
Bright as the sun, pure as the pearl--
But she's gone far from me apart.

She's gone to her home beyond the skies,
To reign for ever and aye
Where the sun and the stars are eclipsed in the light
Of a living and endless day.

May I meet her there, in that holy land,
Where the pure and the holy go ;
Where the saints and the martyrs—immortal band—
Are released from all their woe.

MY HUSBAND.

I dwell upon thy gracious lips;
Their humid sweetness all I'd sip;
Nor like the bee, drink for an hour,
Then fly to kiss some other flower.

I gaze into thy clear blue eyes,
Nor do I wonder, dearest, why:
I love thee with a love so deep
And thrilling, that I cannot sleep.

I lie my head close to thy heart,
And feel the glowing life-blood start
Through every vein; and thy soft kiss
Is happiness—aye! more than bliss.

You smooth my cheek with gentle palm—
But even this exuberant balm
I'd not exchange for wealth or power,
Love! Thy love is life's best dower.

I pass my fingers through thy hair,
And breath for thee a heartfelt prayer;
And rapture, with endearment fraught,
Supplies each proper wish and thought.

And thus existence glides along,
 Melting in fondness and in song;
 Forgetful of all—all save thee,
 And the strong love-chain binding **m** .

ON KISSING.

Fie ! fie ! my love, why turn away,
 As *that* were aught amiss in !—
 You surely don't pretend to say
 There's any sin in Kissing ?
 Those lips, tho' molten ruby's glow,
 All brimming o'er with bliss in—
 Yet they'll ne'er cool—nor fade—nor flow—
 Then, where's the sin in Kissing ?

You say it will offend your aunt
 Should you indulge me thus in—
 But never fear, catch us she can't,
 Watch as she will, a Kissing !
 True, these old maids they rave—they rant,
 And keep a dreadful hissing—
 But 'tis because—*you can*—they can't !—
 That's all the sin in Kissing.

You say the priest he storms and rates—
 Has e'en denied his blessing !
 That morn—and noon—and night he prates
 That you are thus transgressing !

But dear me, love ! how can you doubt
He envies us the bliss in
Our darling sport—so makes this rout,
And swears there's sin in Kissing !

You say “go look—I know I heard
A footfall, something whizzing—
I ever am so mortal *fear'd*
They'll watch and catch us Kissing !”
No, on my life—there's no one near ;
Come—all your fears dismissing—
So there—and there—and there—my dear !
Now, where's the sin in Kissing ?

THE BEAU.

Fierce blows the north wind
O'er the mountains bleak ;
And fresh the ruddy color
It paints upon my cheek.

Away to yonder mansion,
With fire all blazing warm,
Undaunted, I will hie me,
In spite of wind or storm.

'Tis there I meet my loved one,
Her happy face to see ;
With her pursue sweet converse,
And join in youthful glee.

I love the pleasant mansion,
And my dear one's smiling eyes ;
'Tis thus I feel contented,
And enjoy the bliss I prize.

THE LAST HOUR WITH THEE.

O, many a happy day has been
My lot upon this earth,
And many a merry moment's flown
Away on wings of mirth ;
But none, of all the blissful train
So happy seemed to me
As that fond and joyous hour
I spent, my love, with thee !

Sweet music oft before has lent
Her soul-inspiring charm ;
And oft before, beneath her sway,
Our hearts have been as warm ;
But, O, more meltingly divine
The music seemed to be
In that, the dearest, gladdest hour
I spent, my love, with thee !

I've been where flowers have sweeter shed
Their perfume on the air ;
And where the pale spring hyacinths
Have been as brightly fair ;

But never their bewitching breath
Had half the joy to me
That came upon my heart that hour,
The last I spent with thee !

We knew we were about to part,
We knew that ne'er again
Would moments of such happiness
Be given us as then ;
And so we drained the very dregs
Of pleasure's cup in glee,
And made the dearest hour on earth
That hour, thus spent with thee !

And O, how many a lonely day
Of dimly distant Time
Will that hour brighten with its ray,
And gladden with its chime !
And often will my heart expand,
As pleasant memory
Brings back again that bliss, that joy—
The last hour spent with thee !

OH GIVE ME LOVE !

Oh ! give me the love that is constant to one
As the needle that points to the pole ;
That will shed its soft beams like a summer's sun,
Throwing its hallowed light o'er the soul.

And when the dark storms of adversity rise,
And the soul, mid the tempest doth quake,
It will soothe the lone heart to feel the sweet ties
Of a love that will never forsake.

The eagle that proudly, exultingly soars
Over mountain and valley, so free ;
And rides o'er the storm, while it angrily roars,
And laughs in the sun his wild glee,
Returns to the spot from whence he took wing--
The spot alone dear to his heart--
And bright burns his eye, as he hears his young sing,
With a joy nothing else could impart.

So love, if 'tis constant, though wildly it range,
Borne by fancy more fleet than the blast--
Sweeps the world with a thought ; yet, weary of change,
Finds content in but one heart at last.
Let mine be that heart, and life shall have joy,
Though o'ershadowed with misery's pall ;
I will smile, though each pleasure were drugged with
alloy,
For a charm Love shall throw over all.

DAUGHTER OF BEAUTY.

Sweet daughter of beauty,
Fair sister of Love,
Thine eyes are the load-stars
That kindle above.

Like the mantle of night,
As it floats on the air,
Is the clustering cloud
Of thy dark raven hair.

On a fair sunny isle,
A gem of the sea,
There would I live ever
With thee love, with thee.
No shadows might dim
Such an Eden of joy—
For naught but delight,
Should our moments employ.

Oh! might I but dwell, love,
In that fairy place,
I never would weary
To gaze on thy face.
Bewildered with pleasure
I'd linger for aye
'Neath the radiant glance
Of thy beautiful eye.

WOMAN'S POWER.

Oh! tell me not that woman's weak,
Inconstant, or unkind;
Though flippant writers often speak
As though dame Nature's master freak
Was molding woman's mind

Around the sufferer's lowly bed,
When palls the heart of men ;
When science fails, and hope is fled,
And helpless lies the dying head,
Oh ! what is constant then ?

Who watches, with a tireless eye,
The faintly-heaving breath ?
Who hovers round, forever nigh,
To catch the last expiring sigh,
And soothe the pangs of death ?

When disappointments sink the soul,
And round us troubles throng ;
When grief exerts its wild control,
And sorrow's stormy billows roll,
Then—then, oh ! who is strong ?

Man sinks beneath misfortune's blow,
And hope forsakes his breast ;
His boasted powers are all laid low,
His strength is swallowed up in woe,
When not by woman blest.

But she can cheer his drooping heart,
And rouse his soul again ;
Can bid his cankering cares depart—
And, by her smiling, artless art,
Can soothe his keenest pain.

Is woman weak ? Go ask the sword,
The weapon of the brave,
Whose look, whose tone, whose lightest word,
Though e'en but in a whisper heard,
Commands it as her slave.

Go ask man's wild and restless heart
Who can its passions quell ;
Who can withdraw hate's venom'd dart,
Bid malice and revenge depart,
And virtue in it dwell.

If woman's weak, then what is strong ?
For all things bow to her :
To her man's powers all belong ;
For her the bard attunes his song,
Her truest worshiper.

Woman, a *fearful* power is thine :
The mission to thee given
Requires a strength almost divine,
A bosom that is virtue's shrine—
A soul allied to heaven.

TO DORATHY.

I have not seen thee yet, nor would
I gaze upon thy face
Until my soul's creative power
Its every line can trace ;

Until in fancy I can see
Each feature bold and fair
Which tells, as plain as form can speak,
The spirit dwelling there.

I know that thou art beautiful!
Thy thoughts are all as bright
As clouds that give in gladness back
The sunset's golden light;
And as the sun's enlivening rays
To these their warmth impart,
So, too, in every thought there glows
The woman's trusting heart :

For thou art nature's, and *she* owns
No slaves among her train,
No soulless votaries at her shrine—
To these she speaks in vain.
And on her own, her loved one's brow,
There rests the nameless shade,
By high impulse, and generous hope,
And thoughts of beauty made.

Then, though I never clasp thy hand,
Or gaze into thine eyes—
Within whose depths of tenderness,
Methinks thy spirit lies—
I know thou hast a gem more dear
Than India's jeweled worth—
Thine own pure heart—thy woman's heart—
The fairest thing on earth.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THEE.

Here's health, here's wealth, and good cheer to thee !
Long life, and a happy New Year to thee !
O, cast off dull care, and never despair—
Be happy as long as you're dear to me !

For hope, joy, and peace, I'm in debt thee !
I gave all my heart, when we met, to thee !
Far off be the day when thou'lt cast it away—
Love's gem, in truth's diadem, set for thee.

The clouds that have made life like night to thee !
When all in the world should be bright to thee !
The past, and its tears, its misery and fears,
Forget and forgive, they 'll prove well to thee.

There is many a bright smile in store for thee—
Brighter days—how I wish there were more for thee !
Wealth of heart and of mind thought of self ne'er
could bind,
O, I would it were mine to restore to thee !

And yet may my love be a joy to thee !
A happiness nothing can cloy to thee !
In sickness, or grief, be my help thy relief—
A gold mine that hath no alloy to thee.

MY DEAR.

Thy sparkling eye and beauteous form
Are but the index of thy mind ;
Those matchless graces that adorn
A being not to earth confined.

Thy voice has in't a magic spell,
Enchaining every thought to thee ;
And can I wish e'er to dispel
Remembrance of those sounds to me.

Ah, no—like some mild phantasy,
It haunts me wheresoe'er I dwell,
Filling my soul with ecstasy
Which language has no power to tell.

O, cruel Fate ! that has decreed
That I should say to thee, farewell ;
This word alone bids me to heed
Thou can'st no longer with us dwell.

Where'er thy destined home may be,
May choicest flowers thy path entwine ;
And joys unfading rest with thee
Through future, endless years of time.

I LOVE THEE.

Not that the sweetness of thy dewy kiss
Fills my fond bosom with ecstatic bliss ;
Nor thy bright smile, that wakes within my soul
The joy I cannot, would not now control ;

Not that because my head has oft been prest
Upon thy proud and manful throbbing breast ;
Nor that I feel I live warm in thy heart,
Lov'd by thy soul, and of that soul a part !

I love—because I honor thee as one
Who, true to nature, art her proudest son !
The whilst he bears a lofty, conscious part,
Feels the blood gushing through his loving heart.

Who carries in his bosom's native bower
His sunshine—olive-branch—and power
To stem the torrent, brave the surging tide—
And, if for weal or woe, life's calls abide.

I love—because thy tongue the truth defends,
And on thy mind thy course of life depends ;
Because thou art the master of thyself !
And honor'st worth, and not man for his pelf.

I love thee!—aye, with all the clinging trust
That worships—not the idol of the dust—
But intellect! and honest, manly pride :
The strength that makes thee woman's friend and guide.

“WHERE SHALL I MEET THEE?”

Not at the festive hall,
Not by the flowing board ;
Not where bright glances fall
And the red wine is pour'd ;
Not where the dancers meet—
Thou shalt not find me here :
There is no time to greet
Friends who are dear.

But where the fires of home
Shine on the quiet hearth ;
Where no rude voices come
With their wild sounds of mirth ;
There through the lapse of years,
Dreaming in thought profound,
Smiling, perhaps through tears,
Shall I be found.



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